

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

# nightmare

NO. 9  
OCT  
1972  
60¢

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A SKYWALL PUBLISHING

FEAR FEATURING:

THE  
SKULL FOREST  
OF  
OLD  
EARTH!

THE  
GARGOYLE  
TRILOGY!  
AND  
NIGHT  
IN THE  
WAX  
MUSEUM!



ISRAEL WALDMAN - PUBLISHER  
ALAN HEWETSON - EDITOR  
HERSHEL WALDMAN - BUSINESS  
MANAGER

NUMBER 9

OCTOBER 1972

# NIGHTMARE

...THE MAD-EMOTIONS WITHIN  
US TAUNT AND HORRIBLY  
TEASE OUR SAD, SLITHERING  
SOULS... SEND US REELING  
INTO WILDERREALMS OF  
ESSENTIAL ARCHAIC HORRORS  
THOUGHT LONG BURIED  
IN GRAVES UNFORGETABLY  
LUNACY- SPAWNED...

...THIS IS THE  
**LUNATIC ISSUE**  
...THE **NIGHTMARE**  
NUMBER WHERE WORDS  
TO DEFINE RHYME  
AND REASON ARE THROWN  
TO THE SHRIEKING  
WINDS... FOR WE ARE  
STARTING TO GET  
INTO THE  
**Horror-Mood**

THESE ARE THE THINGS  
THAT AWAIT UNDER A  
COVER OF HORRID  
UN-NAMED OLD EARTH  
ATROCITIES... BY  
ARTIST **MIRALLES**...

4... LET US CREEP BACK A  
CENTURY INTO A GAMBIT  
OF HAUNTING INNARDS  
IN **MARKHEIM**...

11... NOXIOUS NIGHT BECOMES  
AS DREADFUL PAY IN THIS  
FEARFUL LEER INTO THE  
**NIGHTMARE WORLD...**  
**CALL THEM GHOULS...**  
**TROLL...** CALL THEM...  
**...THINGS...**

16 AND 17... A TWO-PAGE  
COLLECTION OF ODD  
OTHER-THINGS... **ZOO FOR**  
**THE BEASTS OF THE**  
**UNIVERSE...**

20... THE COVER FLIGHT  
INTO ARCHAIC FANTASY  
HORROR-PINES INTO...  
**THE SKULL FOREST OF**  
**OLD EARTH...**

28... **NIGHTMARE** MOVIE  
REVIEW FEATURES  
VINCENT PRICE IN AN EPIC  
OF BONE-BREAKING, BRAIN-  
HURTING JOY...

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HEREIN TO PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY CONCIDENTIAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM  
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... TEE HEE...  
C'MON... C'MON...  
HEH HEH HEH HEH  
... THESE ARE THE  
CRAFTY CONTENTS  
PAGES WHERE WEIRD  
BLURBS ARE PRESENTED  
TO BURST YOUR EVERY  
BUBBLE OF BRAIN-  
CONCOCTED SANITY...

... HEH HEH HEH HEH...  
WHERE YOUR MIND-PEBBLES  
BEGIN TO CURDLE... WHERE  
WORDS FLOAT AROUND DUMPING  
TORRENTS OF HEH HEH  
HEH HEH  
MAD MUDDY MANIACAL  
EMOTIONS ON YOUR... TEE HEE...  
MORRIBLE HEAD...

32... CELEBRATE THE  
300TH BIRTHDAY PARTY  
OF THE LITHE-LOVELY  
WHO REFUSED TO DIE...

38... THREE DEAD STONE  
BEASTS PRETEND LIFE  
IN THE 3 TO MAKE I TALE...  
**THE GARGOYLE TRILOGY...**

49... THE NIGHT IN THE  
WAX MUSEUM  
IS A NIGHT IN THE  
GLUTTERS OF A  
WAX-GLUTTED MIND...

58... THE WRETCHES ALL  
MUST DIE... EVEN THE  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...  
BEFORE THEY LEARN  
WHO IS... **THE  
WEREWOLF WITHIN...**

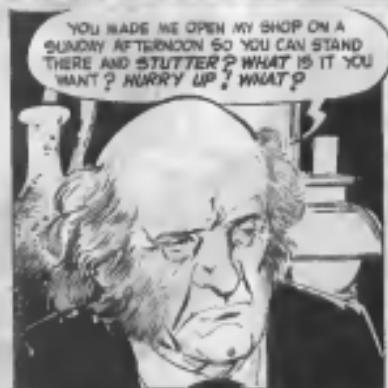
BACK COVER... **THE THING  
IN THE ALLEY...** BUT THAT'S  
WHERE THE HORRORS OF THIS  
ALL END... AND WHY ARE WE  
NOW CONCERNED WITH AN  
END WHEN WE'RE JUST  
STARTING TO **BEGIN...**

... FOR THIS... TEE HEE...  
THIS IS THE **MORRIBLE MOOD**.  
HA HA HA HA HAHAHAHAH  
HA HA HA HA HA HAHAHAH...

... A SINGULAR UNCERTAIN CHOICE  
EXPERIENCE FEW MEN OF LUNATIC  
LOGIC WOULD DARE... HEH HEH...  
DARE EXPLAIN... WHICH PERHAPS  
EXPLAINS WHY... TEE HEE...

... WHY WE CALL THIS  
LAUGHING, LEERING, LURKING  
NOXIOUS **NIGHTMARE NUMBER**  
THE... HEH HEH HEH  
THE **LUNATIC ISSUE**

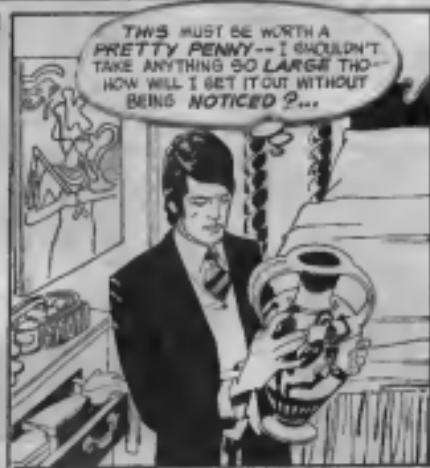
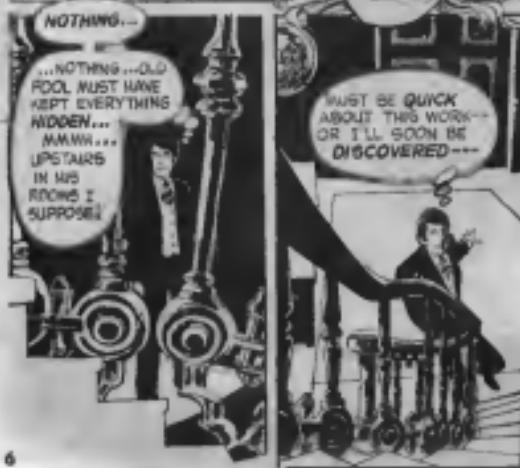
... HEH HEH... FOR EVERYTHING  
WITHIN IS SURELY, UTTERLY,  
DEFINATELY, TERRIBLY...  
**JUST THAT!**  
HEH HEH TEE HEE



TO TELL A TALE OF PATHOLOGICAL TERROR ONE  
MUST HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON HIS SEAT... AND AN EVEN  
STRONGER HOLD ON HIS MIND... FOR THIS IS A GOTHIC  
CLASSIC THAT HAS BEEN BLOWING MINDS FOR OVER  
A CENTURY-- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S--

# MARKHEIM





FIRST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE MIND...

THEN A DEFINITE TUG AT THE HEART...

AND THE PUPPET STRINGS ARE IN MOTION...



HARAHARAHARAH... YOU FEEL IT NOW... FEEL THE STRING JERKING AND PULLING...



NOW THE STRING FOR SWEAT IS PULLED AND AN AVALANCHE POURS DOWN YOUR FACE...



...AND ANOTHER LITTLE TUG AND...

...WHAT?...



... TUG... TUG... TUG...

... MY GOD--  
I STILL HEAR HIS  
HEART--

IT'S EXPLODING  
IN MY BRAIN--OH  
DEAR LUCIFER  
PLEASE SAVE  
ME... SAVE  
ME...

... IT'S THE DOOR--  
PUPPET... THE DOOR...

IT'S NOT HIS  
HEART-- IT'S  
THE DOOR--THE  
FRONT DOOR--  
I'M DISCOVERED!

THUMPA  
THUMPA  
THUMPA

THUMMMMPA  
THUMMMMPA  
BAAAMMMMMG

NOW THE STRINGS  
SNARL AND TWIST UP IN  
A KNOT... AND YOU'RE  
THE KNOT...  
MY GOD...  
NO...

GO TO THEM MARKHEIM...  
YOU'VE NO ALTERNATIVE!

PLEASE  
NO...NO...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST  
MARKHEIM--FOR MURDER. COME  
ALONG NOW... COME ALONG...

DOES IT HURT MARKHEIM... NOW THE  
STRING'S AROUND YOUR NECK AND  
STRETCHING...

NO...  
NO...NO...

WHOOOOOPP!  
WHOOOOOPP!

ARE YOU ABOUT READY  
TO CRY... JUST ABOUT  
READY TO GET DOWN ON  
YOUR KNEES...

YOU HEAR IT... AGAIN... THUUMPA  
THUUMPA... THUUMPA... IN YOUR  
EARS... YOU HEAR IT...

... KILL HIM AGAIN... AGAIN...



... GONE...  
THE OLD  
MAN--HE'S STILL  
ALIVE--HE'S  
STRUGGLING TO LIVE  
AGAIN--I'VE GOT  
TO STOP HIM--HE  
CAN RUIN ME--  
RUIN ME...



HAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...



ON DEAR  
GOD...

... TURN TO MEET YOUR MASTER,  
MARKHEW... THE PUPPET MASTER...

IT'S IN MY MIND  
... TWISTING...  
TURNING ME AROUND  
... I CAN'T  
TAKE IT...  
CAN'T  
TAKE IT...

RUBBISH!



WHO ARE  
YOU...

IRRELE WANT  
NOW MISTER  
YOUR STRENGTH  
AND I'LL HELP  
YOU OUT OF THIS  
PREDICAMENT...

BUT...  
BUT  
WHY?

YOU ARE A NEW  
DISCIPLE... AS  
A NEW DISCIPLE YOU  
DESERVE A LITTLE  
HELP!





THE FIRST SELECTION IN A BRAND NEW  
**SKYWORLD** FEATURE WHERE **YOU**  
ARE THE WRITER...YOU ARE THE  
DREAMER...AS WE TELL THE STORY  
OF YOUR NIGHTMARE WORLD!

IT IS A BRISK FEBRUARY  
MORNING, HARSH WHITE SNOW  
DRIFTS AIMLESSLY AGAINST THE  
HUNTING SHACK, WITHIN WHICH JIM SITS  
ALONE CURLED UP INSIDE A ROARING  
HEARTH, READING HIS LATEST ISSUES OF  
**NIGHTMARE** AND **PSYCHO**. HE'D HAD THE  
FORESIGHT TO BRING READING MATERIAL WITH  
HIM TO PASS THE **TIME**--THERE COULD BE NO  
HUNTING **THIS** MORNING--NOT WITH BITING  
NORTHERN MINNESOTA WINDS OUTSIDE--BLOWING,  
TWISTING THE SNARLING SNOW IN THE FIRST  
EVIL STORM OF THE YEAR! JIM READS, HIS  
ACTIVE MIND FLICKERING IN SATISFACTION AS  
EACH TALE FINISHES! HE **DOZES** OFF, HIS  
MIND STILL FLICKERING, STILL ACTIVE.  
AND HE DREAMS...

CALL THEM GHOULS...  
TROLLS...CALL THEM...  
**THINGS...**

THE NIGHTMARE WORLD  
OF **JAMES EDGAR**  
OF JACKSON MISSOURI  
AS TOLD TO  
HEWETSON AND MARCUS



"I RUSHED OUT INTO THE STORM TO SEE WHAT WAS CAUSING THE COMMOTION--THE LAUGHTER AND SONG THAT CUT THROUGH THE WIND..."

"THE MERRIMENT WAS COMING FROM A LITTLE CLEARING ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM THE HUNTING SHACK..."



"AS SOON AS THEY SAW ME THEY STOPPED AND RAN TOWARDS ME--WITHOUT A WORD THEY PICKED ME UP BOULDY AND THREW ME-- AGAINST A TREE, NOT ONLY ONCE, COUNTLESS TIMES..."





"WHEN THEY ENTERED MY SHACK THEY SEEMED TO DOUBLE IN NUMBER. VERY QUICKLY THE SINGLE ROOM BECAME FAR TOO SMALL TO HOLD EVERYBODY."

"THEN IT STRUCK ME... IT WASN'T THEM, IT WAS ME... I WAS GETTING SMALLER..."

"AS IF MATTERS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH... THEY SEEMED TO GROW. BY THE MINUTE... THEY WERE ALL GETTING LARGER AND LARGER."

"IT SOON BECAME TOO MUCH FOR THE WALLS OF MY TINY CABIN TO HANDLE... THEY LURCHED AND HEAVED AS IF THEY WERE ABOUT TO BURST OPEN..."

"SUDDENLY THEY DID... THE THINGS MANAGED... I WAS SURROUNDED BY THE ENGLYPING STORM AGAIN. THE COLD WAS HORRIBLE... THE COLD WAS UNIMAGINABLE."

"I WOKE UP WITH A HORRID JOLT... IT HAD ALL BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A DREAM... A GROTESQUE NIGHTMARE... THE DOOR OF THE CABIN HAD BLOWN OPEN WITH THE FEROCITY OF THE STORM... BUT I WAS THANKFUL FOR THE COLD--IT BROUGHT ME QUICKLY BACK TO REALITY!"

"...SO ENDS THE DREAM OF JIM EDGAR! JIM WROTE TO US THAT SAME DAY TELLING US THE DETAILS OF HIS NIGHTMARE AND HOPING YOU SKYWALD READERS WOULD FIND IT AS INTERESTING AS HE DID!"

"WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU... WE'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR WEIRDEST, WILDEST DREAMS! JUST AS WE'VE DONE WITH THIS NIGHTMARE, WE'LL PRINT THE **BEST DREAM IN STORY FORM** EVERY ISSUE AND **DON'T FORGET TO SEND US ALONG YOUR PICTURE TOO!**

"WE'LL ALSO PUBLISH THE **BEST AMATEUR ANALYSIS** OF EACH NIGHTMARE... SO IF YOUR INTERESTS LIE IN WHAT NIGHTMARES **REALLY MEAN** THEN DROP US YOUR INTERPRETATION IN THE MAIL... NO LONGER THAN **TWO PARAGRAPHS** PLEASE.

SEND ALL YOUR LETTERS TO:

SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP.  
18 EAST 41ST STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017  
**'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'**

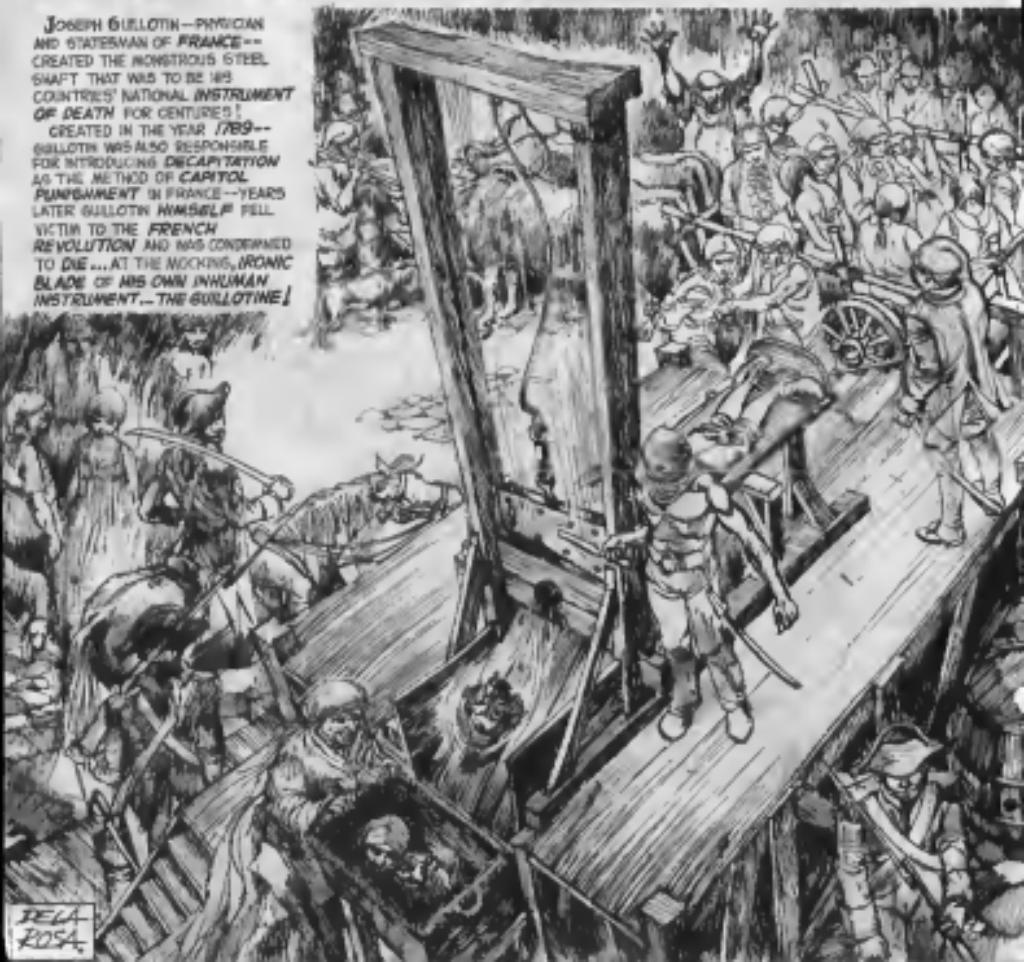


# THE GUILLOTINE

... CREATION OF DR. JOSEPH GUILLOTIN.

JOSEPH GUILLOTIN—PHYSICIAN AND STATESMAN OF FRANCE—CREATED THE MONSTROUS STEEL SHAFT THAT WAS TO BE HIS COUNTRY'S NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF DEATH FOR CENTURIES!

CREATED IN THE YEAR 1789—GUILLOTIN WAS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR INTRODUCING DECAPITATION AS THE METHOD OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE—YEARS LATER GUILLOTIN HIMSELF FELL VICTIM TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND WAS CONDEMNED TO DIE ... AT THE MOKING, IRONIC BLADE OF HIS OWN INHUMAN INSTRUMENT—THE GUILLOTINE!

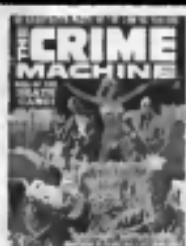




#1... \$2.00



#2... \$2.00



#1... \$2.00



#2... \$2.00

COME ON INTO THE MAGAZINE OF THE HORROR-BIKE... MEET BRICK REESE... CRIME FIGHTER... RADICAL... SUPERHERO... LEER AND WURCH INTO SOUL-SHRIEKINS DELIGHT AS YOU COME TO KNOW THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK BUTTERFLY... SLITHER INTO LUNACY AS YOU LEARN TO LOVE THE WILD BUNCH... COME INTO THE HORRORS OF YESTERDAY'S CRIME-WARS IN THE MAGAZINE OF THUGS, DOLLS, ASSASSINS... THESE ARE THE 2 TITLES FROM SKYWALD THAT'LL TAUNT YOUR BRAIN...

SKYWALD BACK ISSUE DEPT. P.O. BOX 1501  
18 EAST 41ST, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

ENCLOSED IS #..... For HELL-RIDER  
#1  #2   
CRIME-MACHINE  
#1  #2

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢ POSTAGE

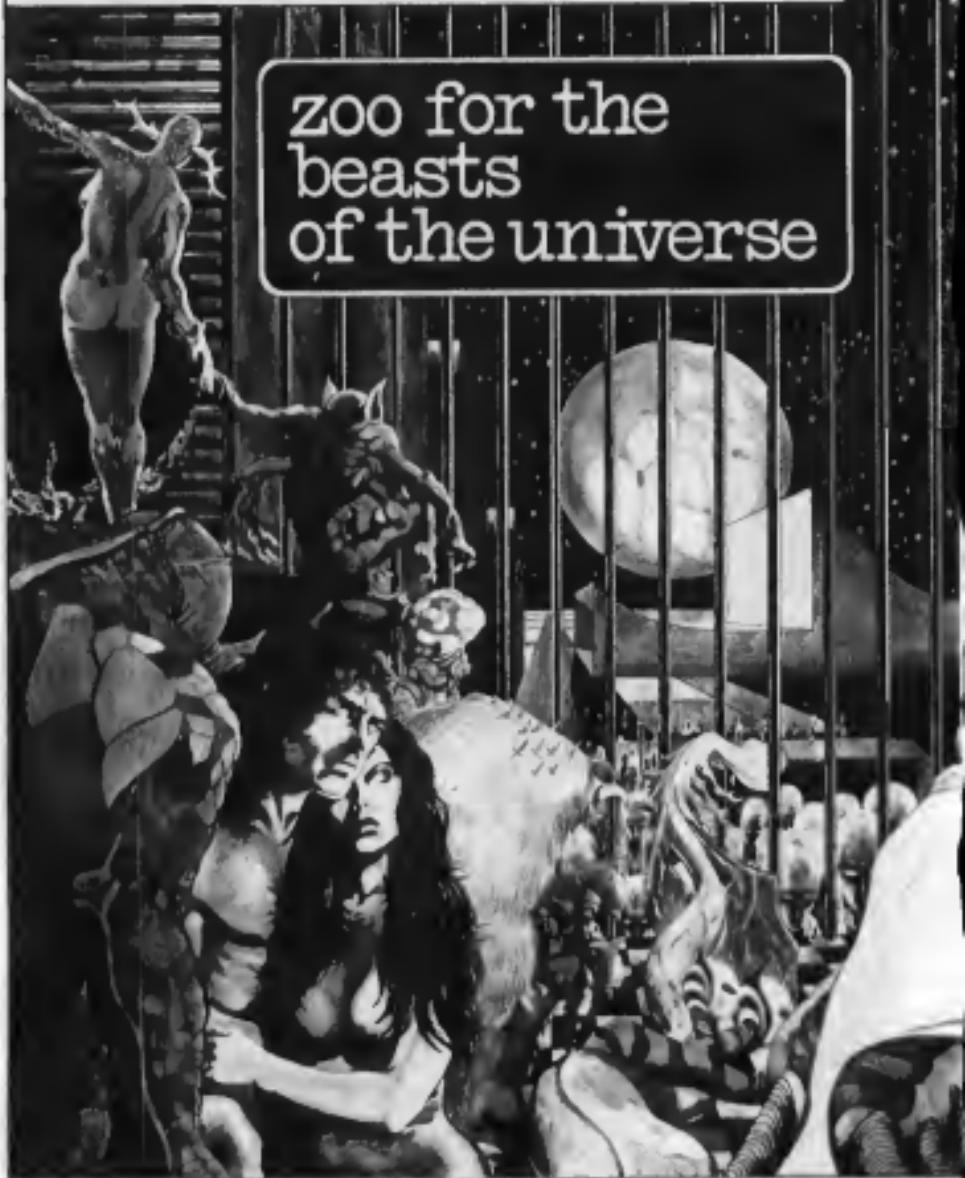


THIS  
BIKE-RIDING  
SUPERHERO  
RIDES INTO YOUR  
LIFE IN...

**HELL-RIDER**

IN THE FOREIGN PLACE OWNERS CALL EARTH, AND HOME, MANY TIMES AND DISTANCES FROM NOW AND HERE, THERE IS A ZOO... IT IS ONLY ONE OF MANY IN THIS PLACE, BUT A SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR THE CITIZENS OF FELDA CITY... FOR THEREIN IS A COLLECTION...

# zoo for the beasts of the universe





...IT IS A PROUD COLLECTION THIS... FOR INTER-SPACE HUNTERS HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO GATHER THESE BIZARRE SAMPLINGS FROM ALL THE PLANETS... THE TOAD-ZAR FROM EM... THE MANY-ARMED ELV OF THE FOREST PLANET... THE FLECKED REPTILES OF MOO--THE WEB FLORMAS OF ANTAY-- THE MAMMAL COUPLE OF WORLD... THEY ARE ALL IN THIS ZOO... COLLECTED FROM THE UNIVERSE FOR THE PLEASURE AND BIOLOGICAL REFERENCE OF ANYONE WITH A TOR IN HIS POCKET FOR ADMISSION...

BUT THIS IS A SPECIAL ONE IN THE ZOO... FOR THEY HAVE ACQUIRED TWO NEW BEASTS... SEE THEM?... COMING IN THE REAR CORNER OF THE CASE... THE TRIULHS OF VOID... UGLY TWO HEADED THINGS WITH MANY LITTLE LEGS LIKE A COMMON CENTIPEDE... A SPECIAL ADDITION... MAKE THE TOAD-ZAR, THE ELV, THE MAMMAL COUPLE AND THE WEB FLORMAS SEEM... SEEM WITLESS AND BORING BY COMPARISON... ALMOST...

Lunatic Letters and Noxious Nightmare News  
Designed to Seep  
into Your Shock-wrought Weird Brain...

The most unpredictable segment is the **NEWS/TIMER**, often in the form of dry or witty puns or letters... you don't care what you say, from any point of view, as long as it's **SHY**. **SHY** is the kind of show you could get into by your own accord, if you're **last** taught **SHY**, and **SHY** is not what you think and want... on this level you may notice a **"You've** **lost**" about **regular** **departments** and **pages**... this is the result of **YOUR** comments and suggestions... **YOUR** keeping me **inspired**. That will be many **MORE** changes in format and presentation of the next few issues... all leading towards the ultimate in user-modified banner-graphic stories, thus the **explore**, **discover**, **explicate**, **analyze**, **dissect**, **analyze**, **reflect**, **investigate**.

## HORROR-MOOD



... Let it sweep over you  
bared and naked and free and  
unrept... Let it subdue the  
brain-guides... Fall into your  
gaps, grinding out - but it  
IS CRUEL and EITHER cuts  
you alone dead... Let it  
BAILED, confess you, entitle  
you, MOD, metamorphose  
your hide. Bright fantasy  
and

... The Massive Cooperation is KAKU KAKUKEE KAKUKEE  
INKUKS made 1923 beautiful,  
black, curtain-height, there  
are, massive type-machines all  
right long, four often dark  
holes... and when the holes  
are more more we keep on  
ploughing those holes more  
holes isn't baddest  
... not by a LITTLE LONG  
DATE.

Overviews DENNIS FLUITAKE [is] in his *near infinite* slot in THE NARRATIVE OF BAUT, directed by JEFFERSON, and passes his time peacefully and lucidly by the beachfront. However, he finds himself in the traditional fight-with-FLUITAKE mode...

[...]  
... upon shocking my off-announced wife [in the brilliant BILL EVERETT artwork] LEE GARDNER, her writing is to continue on the *final* FLUITAKE'S powerful *LAST BEADS* in *LAST MAGNITUDE* a 7... The set two magnificents... and overall a fine place of remembrance... *...and there's no spot*... friend LEE...

...and *now* DENNIS as much as is conceivable, administratively and of quality, and the small price of his *last* *flirtation*. In addition, he's right up there in the top of the fan lists... and he's passed as *...the last* *magistrate*... *...and* *now* every man's wife will be whispering their story is from the *lifelong record*...

... determine the point leading to **BLIND FATE** by incompletely disturbed **ED FEDOROV** is the **PIRATES** ARRIVAL? The last panel of **MONSTER** EG's last page 4000 contains a bunch of **MOOTS** which many of you rightfully thought was **BRAMBLE**...  
analyzing reading to know what the hell last **MONSTERIZED** thoughts of the **MONSTER** Big page were, we partially analyzed to know the translation... **ANTHRO**  
**PRODUCED** THESE **MONTE** **CHIPS** **OF** **A** **FUTURE** **ADVENTURE**...  
...which is cool, if cool, you get, that's the **MONTE** **ADVENTURE**.

... and while on the subject of that same book, the *PSYCHO ANNUAL*, many of you might have noticed the HEAP rate of the ultimate-united was not part of the regular continuous story line. Actually it was, nevertheless don't forget to tell the HEAP.

other thumbings into ar-  
chive addressed worlds -  
Brewer is the opposing  
**PSYCHO-HD** (HEAP missed  
**PSYCHO-HD** - it does not pos-  
sibly mean **PABLO MARCOS** being  
out of the country for a few  
weeks ... he was on the **SUN**  
doing art-reviews for a story  
it's disappoiontly drawing  
about the **MOON** ... which  
just seems to go you **KEEP**  
**WELL OUT** (improbable **PABLO**  
can get suspended) ... The  
HEAP will continue to be  
fascinated in all future **PSYCHO**  
issues.

... **ALFIE** will anybody with a solution to this heart-rending problem, please drop me a line or two. **BOBBY** up here has had some management difficulties. **HERSCHEL** (WALDIE) **WALDIE**'s new wife **CELIA** reaches up to the middle of the night to hear her husband **HERSCHEL** screaming: **THE STAKE** ... **LOHIN** ... **IT'S KILLING ME** ... **FULL IT OUT OF MY HEART** ... which is a problem impossible to solve in ANY normal, non-psychotic woman.



THIS IS THE WEIRD WAY IT LOOKED THE DAY  
SOMETIME AGO WHEN PARANOID, PAUL  
MARCUS AND ARCHIE AL HENNISSEN MADE  
THE BIG CONTEST DRAW FOR THE BRILLIANT  
BILL EVERETT ARTWORK FROM UPON  
COUNTABLE THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES BY  
LEE BREWER OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA.  
FOR A RATHER DIFFERENT LOOK AT HOW  
THIS DREADFUL DRAWING ACTUALLY HAP-  
PENED THAT DAY, CHECK OUT THE INCIDE  
BACK COVER OF THE NIGHTMARE ANNUAL  
NOW ON SALE...

During **DAVID MCKEECH**, at time of this writing, is reaching out his hair to produce **HIT AND RUN, THIS AND THAT**.  
A hearing took at his home Chicago in the days when the **realtors** took a backseat ride as **HORROR** held the **realtors** ... **HIT AND RUN** IT IS ...  
Mainland manufacturers are passing in to the **DAVID MCKEECH** office as a result of the **FAIRNESS** column in **NIGHTMARE** at **THE AUGUSTINE FUNNELL** of Springfield, Illinois went up in **THE SKY**, while we

selected some fine art samples from RONALD SUTTON and "THE SURVIVAL" by JOSEPH CASNERA of Chicago. Illinois. From CHENE LACEY of Lakewood, New Jersey we received over 100 entries and many of the entries were made of BORIS EARL's being made up as the immortal FRANKENSTEIN, and from RON FORTIER of Somersworth, New Hampshire, an excellent except the land ex-scription DAVID and NANCY MIGHTON - "THE RE-BAMFRED" THE RE-

ORBIFERRETTI of Detroit, Michigan, penned these lines for us all: "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" and "AT BAY", and BRYAN WHELENBROOK of Richmond, California, presented "BOUNTY HUNTER" and "DEFTLER OF THE TOMB"; JOE LETS of Lansing, Michigan, painted "THE MIND TRICKER", while "THE RIDERS" and "HANDS OF DEATH" were in from Gasson, Texas; and TONY JAMES CRANDOK and "THREE OF A KIND" arrived from Carroll, Georgia -

parently put all together in  
**WAYNE REED**. You are  
dead, we received many  
handwritten at places, such and  
every one of which is being  
methodically catalogued for pub-  
lication. . . . We will let you  
know what we select and  
when and then when it appears  
. . . in the meantime let us  
know we're encouraged by your  
response and look forward  
so much to you do to making  
your material in print.

Many have been sent in  
their ratings on each issue as it  
appears — thanks, there  
now. For their assistance in  
planning future issues have gone  
out to **JEFF BOGDAN** of St.  
Louis, **JOHN BROWN** of  
**EARL BROWN** of Man-  
chester, **Colleen**, **LUMBUMA OBACHEWSKI** of  
Napa Park, **Maurice**, **John**,  
and **GAVE COOPER**, **PATTY**,  
**LACEY**, **JEFF ANDERSON**,  
**ROGER MCKENZIE**, **WAL-  
TER JASCHKE**, **JOHN CAR-  
DONA**, **RICHARD STOOR-  
ER**, **CHUCK HUCKNEY**,  
**GRILLO KOVACEV**, **ERIC**,  
**SEARLEMAN**, and especially  
**JOAN BORRAS** of Miami,  
Florida who unfailingly sends  
us welcome comments on  
every single issue of our  
esteemed *magazine* of humor

... and finally ... thanks to  
our friends, ROTVABERLIES  
HOWDY-ELLYVIAK for  
something like that; your sugges-  
tions it looks hard to read  
believe; for his kind comments  
about some character called  
VAMPIRELLA ... and  
dearly ROTVABERLICE, your  
letter has been forwarded to  
the proper place.  
BRABERLIM PUBLICA  
TODAY

It's been a real nice people, the MORRISON-46000 is the life model.

tip.

NEXT ISSUES'

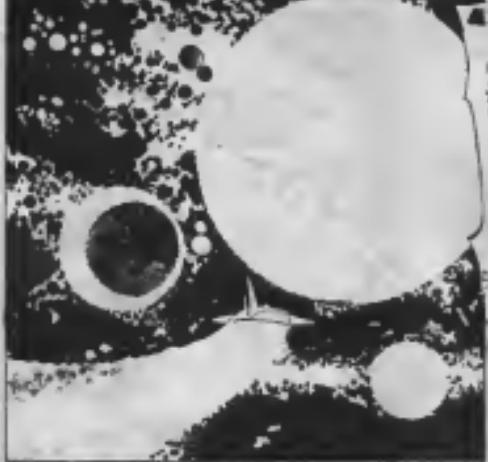
## NIGHTMARE MOVIE REVIEW

WILL SURELY  
IMPLODE YOUR BRAIN  
AS WE PREVIEW...

# FROGS

ON HIS LAST DAY AS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE SKYWALK CORPORATION SOL BRODSKY GRIMMED WIDELY, PROPPED HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK AND LEANED BACK IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAIR HE HAD OCCUPIED THESE LAST FIFTH YEARS. IT WAS A WELL-EARNED REST FOR SOL, WHO WE RECOMMENDED TO RETIRE, SINCE HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTELLIGENT, BUSINESSMEN MY 51 IS NOW ONE OF THE ACCREDITED MEMBERS OF THE NEW EX-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF POSITION WITH THE NON-RIVAL MULTIFLEX COMICS GROUP, WHERE HE WISHES THE VERY JOLLY JESTER.





THERE WAS A TIME ON THIS EARTH, BEFORE HUMAN-MAN WALKED ITS SURFACE - MEN SUCH AS US, UPRIGHT, CIVILIZED MEN - WHEN CRAWLING THINGS ANCIENT EVEN IN THESE CRIM TIME RULED AND DOMINATED THIS GREY EARTH. AS TESTIMONY TO THEIR EXISTENCE THE FOUL PLACE CALLED THE NAMELESS CITY NEAR THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN ANTARCTICA HAS BEEN VISITED BY MEN IN OUR OWN AGE, AND EVEN SO, IT IS WELL RECORDED IN THE DISGUSTING RECORDS OF THE HAS ASAB ARDUL ALHAZRED, CALLED THE MECRONOMONICON - A HORRIBLE CHRONICLE DETAILING BLACK EVENTS BEFORE HUMAN-BEINGS CAME TO BE.



THERE WAS A TIME IN THAT ETERNITY AGO WHEN A TRIBE FROM THE PLANET URANUS CAME TO COLONIZE EARTH. THESE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNSURPRISINGLY, WERE MUCH THE SAME MANNER OF HUMAN-CREATURE AS WE ARE TODAY... AND FOR THEM TO MEET THE SUB-CIVILIZED SHADDOGOths WAS A TRAIL. THEY WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR IN THIS VIRGIN SETTLEMENT, NEAR WHAT WE NOW CALL THE BLACK FOREST IN SOUTHERN GERMANY. IN THIS TIME IT WENT BY ANOTHER NAME... WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

# THE SKULL FOREST OF EARTH!



KENHESSEN AND ZEKAR



IT IS GOOD  
TO GET AWAY  
FROM OUR ROTTING  
DYNES URANUS...  
THIS LAND IS SO  
FERTILE...  
...UNTOUCHED!



YES... SO I  
THOUGHT... UNTIL  
THIS MORNING... WHEN  
I FOUND EVIDENCE  
THAT...  
...THAT WE ARE  
NOT ALONE  
ON THIS  
EARTH!





WHATEVER UNKNOWN SPAWN CAN ADMIT FOUL, RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ATROCITY COULD HARPLY KNOW THAT THESE TORMENTED BEINGS THAT NOW ACT AS PALLBEARERS TO THE SAD REMAINS OF THEIR BELOVED... ARE MEN... AND WOMEN... WITH MINDS THAT CAN REASON OUT A DEFINITION FOR HUMANITY...  
...HOWEVER HOW CRUE OR SIMPLISTIC THAT DEFINITION IS... IT IS DECIDELY MUCH MORE REDEEMING THAT THE SOUL-BUTTED BRAND OF HUMANITY OF THE MURDERERS...





AND THEN THEY START TO RUN...  
RUN AS NO MEN HAVE EVER RUN  
BEFORE...THRU THE FOREST...  
BACK TO THEIR WOMEN...



WHAT ARE THEY? THEY ARE THE SPAWN OF CTHULU...  
THE ANCIENT ONES... WHO HAVE MINDS THAT CAN REASON...  
AND ACT... BUT UNLIKE THE MINDS OF MEN THEY NEED NO  
CONSCIENCE OR JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR ACTIONS... NO MORALITY...  
ALHAZRED HAS TOLD US... OF THIS DISCENE SKULL  
FOREST WHERE THEY ONCE HAD A VILLAGE CALLED LUMU-THAT  
...AND OF THE ANCIENT ONES' PETS... THE APES AND MONKEYS  
FROM WHICH MAN WAS FINALLY BRED...

...AND OF THESE GHOSSTHIS THE VILE NECRONOMICON ALSO  
TELLS US THAT THEY KNOW ONLY DEPRAVITY... THAT THEIR HEARTS  
OF PRIMAL JELLY KNOW ONLY KILLING AND MAULMING AND  
THAT THEIR STOMACHS ARE FOREVER YAWNING FOR FOOD...



... AND THAT THEY HAVE  
STRENGTH IN BATTLE



MEASURABLE

WHEN BRAVE MEN  
FIGHT TO SAVE  
THEIR WOMEN  
AND CHILDREN...  
AND THEIR OWN  
LIVES... THEY SAY  
NOTHING...  
... THEY ONLY  
SHRIEK...

WHEN THEY DIE THEY DO SO QUICKLY AND  
HONORABLY... AS MEN DO FROM TIME TO TIME...  
BUT WITHOUT A WORD...  
... FOR TO SPEAK TO THE ORIGINAL, THE ETERNAL, THE  
UNDYING... IS TO SPEAK TO THE WIND AND RAIN...  
AND EVEN SO... THERE IS A BETTER CHANCE OF THE  
WIND AND THE RAIN HEARING... THAN THESE MOTTLED  
SHOGGOHTS WHOSE LIZARD-BRAINS DO NOT CARE  
TO EVEN LISTEN...



BY THE APES AND MONKEYS OF THE  
FOREST WHO PLAY INNOCENTLY  
MUST THE ROTTING SKULLS OF THE  
DECAYING HUMANS...

... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THIS EARTH MAN MEETS MONKEY...  
... ARE YOU NOW BEGINNING TO SEE SOMETHING IN THIS  
MEETING?  
THE ORIGIN OF MAN HAS LONG BEEN A QUESTION...  
IT IS SAID HE CAME FROM MONKEYS... BUT AT ONE POINT  
IN HISTORY THERE WAS A CHANGE IN THE MONKEY... HE  
SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A MIND THAT COULD REASON...  
... PERHAPS NOW, MAN NEED WONDER OVER THIS MYSTERY  
NO MORE...



WHAT DOES YOUR BEDROOM LOOK LIKE? OR YOUR LIVING ROOM, OR DEN OR WHATEVER... IS IT DEVOID OF THE MAD-EMOTIONAL HORROR-MOOD? IT'S A SHAME... BECAUSE FOR A MERE FRACTION OF THE CHANGE YOU NOW HAVE IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN DECORATE (AND DESECRATE) EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE WITH THESE **ARCHAIC POSTERS** FROM HOLLYWOOD'S YESTER-YEARS...

THE ORIGINAL LUGOSI **DRACULA** AND KARLOFF **FRANKENSTEIN** THEATER POSTERS CAN NOW BE YOURS... FOR ONLY \$1.50 APIECE (PLUS 50¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING) THE GUY IN OUR MAIL ROOM (OR THE GAL IN OUR FEMALE ROOM) WILL SHIP THESE MAJESTIC MEMORY MOMENTS TO YOU (21" x 29" IN FULL COLOR) IN A CARDBOARD TUBE...

...THE TUBE IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE POSTERS...

SKYWALD POSTERS RM 1501  
18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



ENCLOSED IS \$..... FOR

**FRANKENSTEIN**

**DRACULA**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP .....

# MANIACAL MOVIE POSTERS



# THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



VINCENT PRICE has always been diabolical and deadly — in this, his one hundredth film to shiver pulsing breasts and curl the nerve pebbles, he is more creatively EVIL-ABFUL than ever... for his fearful fit of abstract reason concocts the bizarre deaths of many victims... who are slowly — ritually — SLAUGHTERED... Dr. Durwood is found shredded to death by bloody bats; Dr. Danvers is given a frog's head mask at a costume party which crushes his head; Dr. Longstreet (TERRY THOMAS) is drained of all life-blood; Norma Allan is found in her bed, stripped fleshless by a bunch of locusts; Dr. Kitag falls screaming to his death when he is attacked by rabid rats; Dr. Hagedorn is frozen to death by a maniacal deep freeze machine; and Dr. Whitcomb is horribly nailed to a door by the grotesque horns of a brass unicorn!

A delightful film to compliment the horror-mood; one in which Dr. Phibes, as played by veteran VINCENT PRICE, and his 'associate'... Virginia, portrayed by screen screen newcomer vandette VIRGINIA NORTH, denounce the medical profession with a CURSE which promises the death of ten men, Dr. Vedens (JOSEPH COTTON), is the tenth, and is lured to Phibes' den of gore by the kidnapping of his only son, whom he finds strapped and locked 'neath dripping acid. Price is excellently costumed and masked for most of the film, but in an unnerving scene which literally took the audience's breath in the theater where we viewed this exceptional American International production, a vile, fractured skull emerges from the Phibes' fake-face... a face gutted of any shred of sanity... .

... in a film we recommend... for, simply, it is VINCENT PRICE at his finest — and at his finest, Price is a stalwart promoter of the essential horror... .



There are TWO SIDES  
to DR. PHIBES  
- both of them  
EVIL!



An open coffin...  
An empty grave...and  
nine doomed  
men!

VINCENT PRICE  
JOSEPH COTTEN

# THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES

HUGH GRIFFITH and TERRY THOMAS

JAMES WATSON and WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN - LOUIS M. HEWARD and RONALD S. DUNAS  
SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON - ROBERT FEST

GP COLOR

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL





## DR. JEKYLL AND **SISTER** HYDE

... **THE WOMAN**... 'Sister Hyde' — it portrayed as the ultimate evil, the inner man who when transformed lasts after certain abominable, abnormal cravings all involving horror for the pure pleasure of horror. ... **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** is a film dedicated to the premise of Robert Louis Stevenson's inner-other alter-ego, and on the screen shocks the viewer into near-numbness by suggesting exactly **WHAT** took form the alter ego right take.

Jekyll's experiments with an 'elixir of life' causes his unusual-usual transformation with a weird twist — for his inner-alternative personality evolves into a tall, dark, astonishingly beautiful woman — **MARTINE BEWINCK**... whose performance as Sister Hyde is the highlight of the British HAMMER Production released in the United States and Canada by **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**.

**Martine Bewick** is a wonderful murderer, slicing through a man's shoulder blade with a kitchen knife while the astonished victim revealed her stark, dark inviting lips.

**RALPH BATES** as Jekyll does not really enjoy our sympathy at all; as the inventor - genius of this mad potion he's portrayed as an innocent who is too weak to maintain his identity — constantly losing face in an astounding number of changes to his woman-within, Bates executed fine transformation scenes, and overall his performance was durable, exciting and, in the horror-veneer exciting and complimentary to a few screenplays by Brian Clemens directed by Roy Ward Baker. Bates we like and look forward to future productions. **Miss Bewick** we like, and hope to see again in equally prominent roles as a sinister woman-machine on the horror screen, sending the blood snorting through out choking, fatal horrors-meats...

... for her performance as an extra-ordinary and entity of last maker **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** a worthwhile film to be appreciated more than once...

... we hope the double-bill of reviews featured in this issue meets with your approval... **NIGHTMARE** promises to review **ONLY** films we've seen and **ENJOYED**... the key word that is the essence of the horror-mad premises...

... and before we probably forget — why not fear feel our **DVW** adaptation of the Jekyll and Hyde classic, currently featured in the **NIGHTMARE ANNUAL**...



This film  
is filled  
with...

# SHOCK

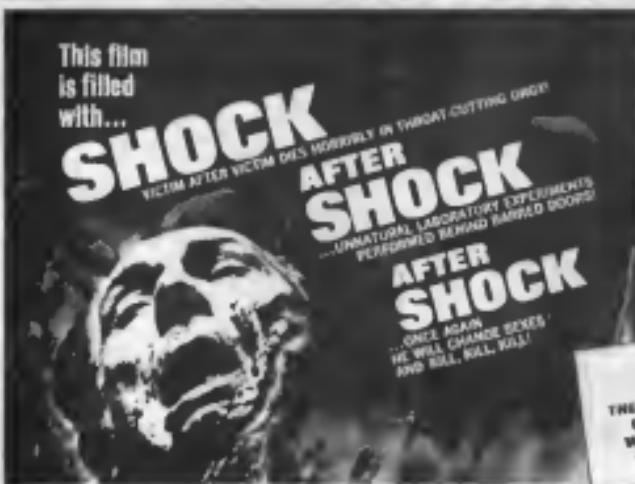
VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES HORRIBLY IN THROAT-CUTTING DROPS

# AFTER SHOCK

UNNATURAL LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS  
PERFORMED BEHIND BARRIED DOORS

# AFTER SHOCK

...ONCE AGAIN  
HE WILL CHANGE BECKON  
AND BILL, BILL, KILL!



# DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

PG-13 - COLOR

RALPH BATES MARTINE BESWICK GERALD SIM LEWIS RANDER

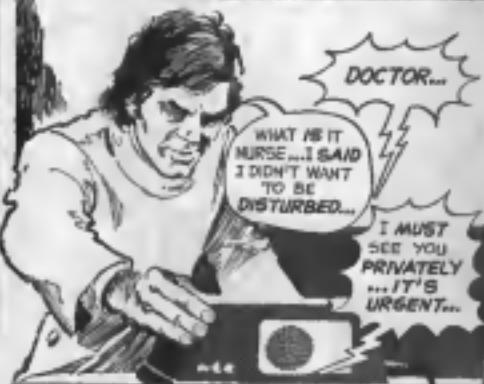
AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

THE MEDICAL ARTS ARE A SCIENCE OF MAN THAT YEARNS TO KNOW MORE AND MORE ... FOR EVERY CRISP MOMENT OF LIFE IS PRECIOUS TO MOST MEN WHO AGREE THAT MUCH HAS YET TO BE KNOWN ... SCIENCE IS A SLOW PROCESS ... PERHAPS IT NEEDS A HELPING HAND FROM THE MACABRE ARTS OF MAN ... AND IN ...

# The 300th BIRTH DAY PARTY!

AND THEN AGAIN ... PERHAPS IT DOESN'T ...







IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE WOMAN IS  
BED-BOUND... BUT HER LOVING  
HUSBAND STILL SEARCHES FOR  
AND ANSWER...



A STRANGE TOMB THIS... TO BE INTERRED  
IN SUCH AN UNHOLY GRAVE IS BIZARRE...  
ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A PROUD, BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN AS THIS....

BUT SHE HAS NO MIND NOW... NO MIND  
TO KNOW-- TO CARE -- ABOUT THE  
DRIFTING THRU TIMELESS SPACE...  
ABOUT THE FUTURE THAT THEN  
BECOMES NOW...



2272 IS NOW... IN THIS AGE THE  
ICE-SHROUDED BODY OF ONE CECILLE  
MERCE IS UNFROZEN AND THEN  
SUBJECT TO THE MOST  
WONDERFUL OF EXPERIENCES...



DID YOU THINK IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT WOULD  
BE PERFORMED BY COMPUTER? NO... EVEN IN  
THIS DAY THE SKILL OF THE HUMAN SURGEON  
IS ONE OF THE FEW MIRACLES OF MAN...



AND, OH YES...  
SCIENCE HAS ALSO  
SOLVED THE PROBLEM  
OF AGING MRS.  
BIERCE... NO ONE ANY  
LONGER DIES... NO  
NEED FOR IT...

WE SOLVED THAT  
LITTLE MEDICAL  
PROBLEM A LONG  
TIME AGO... I THINK...  
YES, OF COURSE, JUST  
A FEW YEARS AFTER  
YOUR 'DEATH'...

HELLO  
DEAR... MY  
LOVE...



THE MACABRE ARTS HAVE TAKEN  
OVER, IT MIGHT APPEAR, WHERE  
MODERN MEDICINE HAS LEFT OFF...  
MR. BIERCE, WHO YOU WILL RECALL  
WAS IN DESPAIR, ON THE VERGE OF  
DEATH... HAS BEEN GIVEN A NEW  
LEASE ON LIFE... PERHAPS LOOKING  
FORWARD TO THE SPECIAL GIFT OF  
HIS WIFE'S RETURN TO HIM...  
... ON HIS 300TH BIRTHDAY...



#1...\$2



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#4...\$1.



#5...\$1.



#6...\$1.

NIGHTMARE  
# 10ON SALE  
SEPT. 26NIGHTMARE  
# 11ON SALE  
NOV. 30

...INSIDE PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE THERE LURKS A MAD-EMOTIONAL THING THAT GRABS HOLD OF YOUR ALMIGHTY ANONYMOUS ALL AND TWISTS IT... OWN IT... POSSESSSES YOUR BRAIN... BUT... YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT DON'T YOU?... THE PEN SHAKES IN YOUR HAND... YOUR MIND TREMBLES... BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT NOW... MAKE THAT ORDER NOW... BECAUSE TOMORROW YOU MAY BE TOO LATE... AND YOU WILL SIMPLY SHUDDER AND COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS... FOR WHO ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH CAN LIVE WITHOUT THESE?

MIND  
IMPLODING

# BACK-ISSUES



#2...\$2



#3...\$2



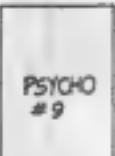
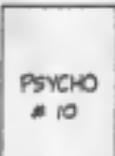
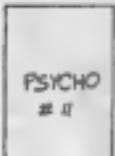
#4...\$1.25



#5...\$1.



\$ 1.25

PSYCHO  
# 9ON SALE  
AUG. 31PSYCHO  
# 10ON SALE  
OCT 26PSYCHO  
# 11ON SALE  
DEC 26

ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢  
TOTAL POSTAGE AND HANDLING  
NIGHTMARE 10 30 50 80 90 ANNUAL 0  
PSYCHO 20 30 40 60 ANNUAL 0  
ENCLOSED:

NAME:

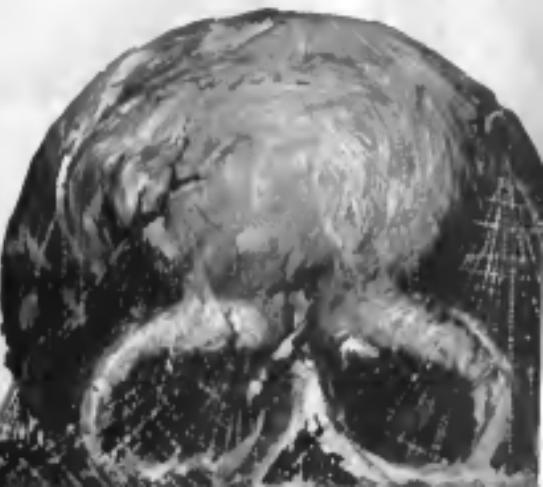
ADDRESS:

CITY AND STATE:

ZIP:

WE MAKE YOU FAIR WARNINGS  
CHRONICLE COLLECTOR, THESE FAR-FETCHED  
FREAK, FRAUDULENT FANTASIES ARE SELLING  
OUT FAST...KEEP YOUR COLLECTION COMPLETE...  
SEND IN YOUR CRUMBLING CASH NOW TO:

SKYHAWK BACK-ISSUES P.O. BOX  
15 EAST 41 ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THIS TIME - 1766 IN SOUTHEAST ROMANIA.  
PRINCE KARL ETHEL FRIEDRICH COMMISSIONS  
SCULPTOR, WILHELM KAHNAR, TO CREATE  
FOR HIM 3 MONSTROUS GARGOYLES  
TO DECORATE HIS PALACE TURRETS.



THE OLD SCULPTOR RETURNS TO HIS SMALL VILLAGE IN  
THE COUNTRY - A TOWN NAMED DRAGASAW - WHERE  
HE WORKS ON THE COMMITMENT OF HIS LIFE...  
WORKING MANY LONG HOURS... MANY LONG MONTHS...



and so starts our tales...

# the gargoyle trilogy

## THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE

THE 1ST TALE

WHY DO THEY  
HONOUR ME --  
I AM ONLY A  
OLD MAN...  
I DO THEM  
NO HARM!

THEY TREAT ME  
WITH SUCH SCORN  
THESE DAVE -- SINCE  
I ACCEPTED THE ORDER  
OF PRINCE FRIEDRICH  
FOR THE GARGOYLES  
BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER TO THAT, OLD MAN, IS *BEHIND YOUR BACK!* WHILE YOU WORK  
ON THE MASTERPIECES WITHIN YOUR SMALL HOME -- THE TOWN HAS EX-  
PERIENCED STRANGE FAIRS... DISEASES THAT PLAGUE THE POPULACE--  
DROUGHT AND FAMINE THAT STARVE...

AND PERHAPS  
BECAUSE YOU  
ARE OLD AND  
A LITTLE  
STRANGE IN  
YOUR CREA-  
TIVITY, THE  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
TOWNSFOLK  
OF DRAGASAW  
BLAME YOU!!

NEWMON AND DELLA RORA

EEZA  
FUMA



COME OUT OLD MAN-- COME OUT OLD WOMAN-- BURN DOWN YOUR WRETCHED SHACK!

YOU... YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES -- COME OUT AND ANSWER FOR YOURSELF!

INSIDE THE TINY HUT THE SCULPTOR DOES NOT HEAR HIS PERSECUTORS...

DEAR GOD-- CAN'T STOP... WORKING... SOME MAD FORCE OUTSIDE OF ME DRIVING ME ONWARD...

... THE VILLAGERS MUST BE RASH-- THERE IS SOMETHING BESPOKEN ABOUT THESE MONSTERS! I DO NOT CREATE THEM-- THEY ONLY USE ME-- AS AN INSTRUMENT!



THE TORCH-- IT'S NOT TAKING... THE HOUSE IS PROTECTED BY MAGIC...



NONSENSE... STORM THE DOOR...

IT'S A SOLID AS PURE MARBLE... NOTHING ON THIS EARTH WILL GET THRU THAT DOOR...

BUT NEITHER WILL ANYTHING GET OUT IF WE CAN'T GET IN-- I'LL WAIT... STILL, HE'S READY TO COME OUT!



IT'S OBVIOUS HE ISN'T GOING OUT-- HE WAS WARNED... WE'LL BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND...



IT WON'T BE SOON VILLAGER... NOT SOON! THE SCULPTOR, DOESN'T HEAR YOUR WORDS... HE IS, AT THE MOMENT... VERY-- VERY BUSY!

AM I... LOSING MY  
MIND F...

DO NOT JUST  
FEEL SOMETHING  
MOVE & DEAR GOD...  
CAN THERE BE MORE  
TO THESE GROTESQUE  
GARGOYLES THAN  
WERE MAGIC...

CAN  
THERE BE  
LIFE?

A GROWL... AND  
A SHUDDER! GREAT STONE  
WINGS CREAK, AND  
STRAIN AT  
THEIR JOINTS.  
NECK VENUS RENT  
THEMSELVES  
AND TWIST THE  
GREAT BLACK  
HEAD ABOUT IN  
TORMENT



THE WINGS BREAK FREE AND SLOWLY LIFT TO SPREAD—THE HUNCHED FORM OF THE GARGOYLE LIFTS AND STRAIGHTENS TO AN IMMENSE 7 FEET... GRAY EYES ROLL IN HAGGARD SOCKETS AND THE NEW BORN THING MADLY FLAPS ITS WINGS... ROCKING THE WALLS OF THE HUT...

AND THEN IT STRAINS AT THE MOUTH...  
THE FACE DISTORTS AND TWISTS IN A  
THOUSAND WAYS... TO SPEAK... TO CRY  
OUT... BUT COMES NOTHING!



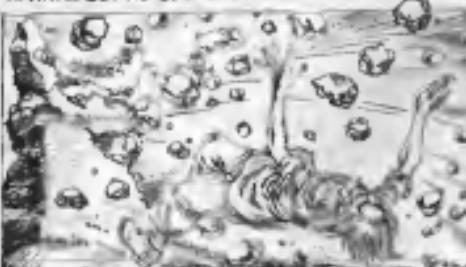
AND OUTSIDE THE FEARFUL VILLAGERS NEAR...

WHAT UNHOLY  
RITE GOES ON  
WITHIN THOSE  
WALLS...

PERHAPS  
NOTHING WE  
SHOULD  
KNOW...



THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE SHUDDERED AND FLAPPED AND SHOOK THE ROOM ABOUT SCULPTOR WILDEUR KHALAR... BUT NO SOUND CAME... IT SWELLED INSIDE... THE MONSTROUS BELLY BLOATED AND THE FACE RIPPED ITSELF APART... BUT NO SOUND CAME!



THE TWO GARGOYLES... NOT YET ALIVE... FEEL WITHIN THEM A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF DISGUST... DISGUST AT A FEVERED ANARCHIST WHOSE ORDERS WERE ATTENDED BY BLACK GODS beneath HUMAN DIGNITY...



NONE OF US KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WITHIN THIS DAMNED PLACE...

...AND THAT, BROTHERS... MAY BE A BLESSING INDEED!



THE ORDER WAS FOR 3 MONKEY GARGOYLES-- ONE WHO COULD NOT SEE... ONE WHO MIGHT HEAR NOTHING... AND THE ONE NOW IN RUIN UPON THE DIRTY FLOOR OF AN OLD SCULPTOR'S HUT... THE ONE WHO COULD NOT ISSUE A SOUND FROM ITS MOUTH... LEST IT BE GOOD!



AND SO ENDS...

and starts  
2

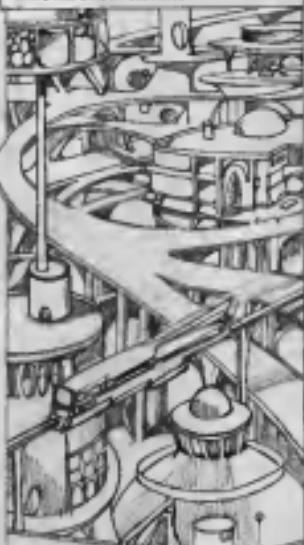
# THE IDIOT GARGOYLE!

THE TIME: 2092 IN HERITAGE COUNTY GALACT-ELEVEN-- VICE CONSOLO DENNIS RUGGERY MAKES A STATEMENT ABOARD HIS SPACE PONTOON-- ZARATHUSTRA...



FELLOW CITIZENS OF GALACT-ELEVEN-- DURING THIS INTER-GALACTIC CELEBRATION THIS YEAR, WE ARE HONORING OUR MOTHER, EARTH... AND IN WHAT BETTER WAY CAN WE DEMONSTRATE OUR RESPECT FOR THE OLD WORLD THAN BY ILLUSTRATING OUR PLANET WITH DYNAMIC AND GRAPHIC MEMORIES OF HER.

IN THE COUNTY OF HERITAGE THE CITIZENS HAPPILY WORK TOWARDS THE CELEBRATION... GATHERING RELICS AND ARTIFACTS FROM AN ERA ALMOST FORGOTTEN... BUT STILL CHERISHED IN THEIR HEARTS... THE ERA WHEN EARTH WAS ALL THAT WAS...



AND ABOVE CITY SQUARE...



THE CELEBRATION THROUGH THE 9 GALAXIES OF FOUNDATION IS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS... EXCEPT FOR HERITAGE COUNTY... WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE PLAGUED BY STRANGE DISEASES... PESTILENCE... FIRES...





WHEN SHE WAKES IN THE MORNING SHE FINDS HERSELF IN THE SHADOW OF A SILENT, HIDEOUSLY HUNCHBACK GARGOYLE SQUINTING AT HER THRU GRAY PENETRATING SOCKETS OF EYE...



YOU...

...YOU'RE ALIVE...  
I WONDERED WHY  
YOU WERE GONE  
FROM THE  
SQUARE...

I LIKE YOU...  
WILL YOU BE MY  
FRIEND?

WHEEEEEE

MY MAMMY  
AND DADDY  
DON'T LOVE  
ME... THEY  
CHASED ME  
AWAY FROM  
HOME...



AND THEN SWOOPS...  
SMASHING LITTLE  
VANESSA INTO THE  
BLOOD RED ROOTS  
OF THE SWALING  
FOREST FLOOR...



...THEN SHE  
BECOMES LIMP  
AND FALLS INTO  
A CRUMPLED  
HEAP...



THE GARGOYLE  
SWOOPS AND  
STANDS VERY  
STILL... THEN  
MOVES SLOWLY  
TOWARDS THE  
CHILD AGAIN...  
AND HOLDS  
HER... HOLDS  
HER TILL SHE IS  
WARM AND  
COMFORTED...



...AND ALL THRU THAT  
DAY AND THAT NIGHT  
HE SITS HOLDING  
HER... FEELING THE  
WARMTH OF HER  
TINY BODY AGAINST  
HE COLD STONE  
CHEST... SOOTHING  
HER... CALMING  
HER...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN THEY FOUND  
THEM MARY WEAK STOMACHS TURNED OVER...

...OH MY  
LIVIN'S SWEET  
SOO WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
PERMITTED...



...now  
starts  
the 3rd...

# THE DARKNESS CARGOYLE...

THE TIME: ERA 2197. MOTHER EARTH MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT IS CARRIED IN OVER THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE MILLION NEWSPRINTS THROUGHOUT A UNIVERSE...



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN IMPORTANT TO ANYONE... THIS CAN MEAN A NEW START FOR US...

THE ONE GREAT MEDIUM OF ALL TIME -- THE MOVIES -- GETTING THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES...



AND SO EMMA-DOLCE STUDIO, FOR YEARS SCRABBLING AROUND ON ITS KNEES FOR A FEW RUBLES, LAUNCHES, WITH AMBLE GOVERNMENT FUNDING, THE GREATEST SHOOTING SCHEDULE OF THE CENTURY...

...STARING THE GREATEST MOVE QUEEN OF THE CENTURY... NATALIE WORLD... DID WE SAY THE CENTURY... MAY... THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME...



THE SCRIPT CENTERS AROUND GLOBAL EARTH DURING THE 19TH CENTURY... A TIME WHEN THERE WERE POLITICAL DIVISIONS AND MAN WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS BUMPKIN...

HEY THIS SHOULD BE FANTASTIC... LOOK AT IT...

SOME KINDA WEIRD BIRD... OR SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL WE CAN HAVE IT FLYING IN AND OUT OF DOORWAYS... REAL MOOD SETTER...



YOU SEE THE STONE BIRD NATALIE?

WE'RE ARTIFICIALLY ANIMATED IT... FOUND IT IN AN OLD MUSEUM OF SORTS...

IN A FEW MINUTES IT'LL SWOOPIN AND FLY AROUND A LITTLE... LOOK, SCARED...

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THE SET... FIRES... ILLNESS... THEN DEATH... BUT DEATH THE HARD WAY... MURDER!

NATALIE...

SHE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN MARY— SHE IS DEAD... MURDERED...

MURDER, BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOOK SCARED...

I AM SCARED THAT THINGS ARE HORRIBLE!

I DUNNO WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO... FIRST MISS WORLD, THEN COLT EMMERSON AND NOW NATALIE'S REPLACEMENT.

MURDER HAS BEEN UNHEARD OF FOR CENTURIES. ALL CRIME... THERE ARE NO MEANS TO INVESTIGATE... WE HAVE NO ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES...

IT'S CRAFT... EDGAR CRAFT...

WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED... MURDERING THE LEADING MAN...

WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED IN THE CASTLE SET...

AND SO EDGAR CRAFT, PROP MAN, IS BIBLY CAPTURED AND ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER...

...AND SO... MORE OR LESS... ENDS THE 3RD TALE... FOR THERE IS ONLY THE TRIAL TO FOLLOW...

# ...AND THE TRIAL

IS A FOREGOING CONCILIATION.

YOUR HONOR--I PRESENT THESE DOCUMENTS-- THESE 3 CASE MISTURNS OF THE GARGOYLES-- THE MACABRE ORIGIN... THE EVENTS OF THE FIRST TWO CASES ALL SOOT PROVE MY INNOCENCE.

NOW SO I

IT IS NOT SO OBVIOUS TO THIS COURT!

THE GARGOYLES WERE CREATED BY PRINCE FREDERICK-- ONE WITH NO EARS... ONE WITH NO MOUTH-- ONE WITH NO EYES... LIKE MONKEYS... THE JUJUMOUS MONKEYS THAT CAN'T SEE, HEAR OR SPEAK... LEAST WHAT THEY SENSE BE EVIL!

THE GARGOYLES WERE PROTECTED FROM GOOD!

...NOW THIS GARGOYLE... THE LAST ONE... WHO CONTROLLED ME... TOOK OVER MY MIND... FORCED ME TO MURDER...

...HE HAD TO...

...HE WAS THE ONE WHO COULD NOT SEE... HE NEEDED MY EYES TO SEE... TO MURDER... TO COMMIT HIS FOUL EVILS...

ABSURD RUBBISH... THIS COURT DOES NOT ACCEPT THAT KIND OF TRAP. SIR, YOU ARE GUILTY... JUSTICE MUST BE HAD... AND LEST YOU CONTAMINATE OUR SOCIETY THAT IS FREE FROM CRIMES... LIKE MURDER... YOU ARE SENTENCED TO... DEATH!

AND MY JUDGEMENT HAVE MEACY ON YOUR POOR SOUL...



THE DARKNESS GARGOYLE IS UN-ANIMATED. PLACED AGAIN IN ITS MUSEUM... RETURNED TO ITS BLACK, QUIET CRYPT...

...AND IN THE DUST... A SIGHTLESS BEAST FLAPS BRITTLE STONE WINGS... AND GROANS A GROAN OF DEEP SATISFACTION... FOR NOW HE HAS COMPLETED HIS TASK...



WITHIN THE BLACK, MOKING SILENCE-- THE DARKNESS GARGOYLE GROANS... FOR LIKE HIM, JUSTICE HAS BEEN BLIND...

IT'S THAT KIND OF A NIGHT... GULY... WHEN THE BLACK SKIES OPEN AND DUMP TOWARDS OF WATER UPON US AS WE MADE THROUGH THE FLOODED SIDE-STREETS ON OUR WAY HOME... AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE SWINDER BECAUSE THE SKY LIGHTS-UP WITH A WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING...



...LIGHTING THE CORNERS AND CRACKS OF FORGOTTEN ALLEYS AND COBBLESTONED SIDE-STREETS! ON SUCH A STREET IS A MUSEUM... WHICH EVEN NOW THE LIGHTNING THREATENS TO ATTACK... EVEN AS IT IS BEING THREATENED BY ANOTHER, KIND OF NIGHT-DEMON...



..A DEMON ON TWO LEGS... WHO CLAMBERS THE SHEER WALL LIKE AN AGILE CAT... FOR THAT IS INDEED HER NAME -- THE "WHITE CAT" -- RATHER IRONIC, AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE... AS SHE REACHES A WINDOW NOT PROPERLY LATCHED AND FLUCHS OPEN THE LOCK...



...TO START OUR TALE OF...

# THE NIGHT IN THE WAX MUSEUM

...MADE IT!

ONE OF THE FINEST  
WAX MUSEUMS IN NORTH  
AMERICA... AND PRIMIE  
PICKINGS FOR...

...THE  
WHITE  
CAT...

PRIMIE PICKINGS... ARE... FOR THIS  
ICE-MERVED WOMAN WITH THE BLACK,  
PROBING EYES IS A TIME... ONE OF  
THE BEST... IN SEARCH OF  
FORBIDDEN TREASURE...  
...AND SHE HAS COME TO **THE RIGHT PLACE!**



BUT EVEN FOR SUCH AN UNUSUAL TIME... WE ARE ABOUT TO SERVE WITNESS TO AN UNUSUAL THEFT...

ALTHOUGH THESE WAX TREASURES ARE WELL GUARDED, THEY ARE NOT GUARDED WELL ENOUGH FOR THE WHITE CAT...

...THE OWNER AND CREATOR OF THESE PRICELESS FIGURES THINKS ENOUGH OF THEM TO HAVE THEM UNDER LOCK AND KEY...

BUT EVIDENTLY HIS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ENTRY ARE LIMITED... IT IS HARDLY UNLIKELY THERE ARE TOO MANY THIEVES INTERESTED IN MACABRE VALUABLES SUCH AS THESE!

THESE FIGURES ARE THE WORK OF GENIUS... I WANT MY OWN PARTICULAR FAVORITES FOR MY OWN GALLERY...

GENIUS...  
...THE MASTERY IN THE FACES...  
THE TOMBES... THE TEXTURE OF THE SKIN... SO LIFELIKE...

ONLY WHEN I TOUCH THE COLD SURFACE CAN I FULLY ADMIT THEY AREN'T REAL... BUT ONLY WAX...

DEAD WAX!

A REPLIC... AN Imitation. ONLY... THO THIS BITTER AXE BE REAL... THO THE CLOTHES REAK OF SPILLED BLOOD...

...THE EXECUTIONER IS ONLY A REPLIC... THE AXE FROM SOME FORGOTTEN PUNGEON... THE CLOTHES STAINED FOR THE EFFECT OF REALISM WITH THE BLOOD A COMMON RODENT!

WHO COULD THEY BE SOLD TO?

NO FENCE IN THE WORLD WOULD TOUCH 'EM WITH A FIVE BUCK BILL!

...BUT TO ME... AH... TO ME A SAMPLING FROM THIS COLLECTION IS WORTH THE WORLD...

...EVEN IF IT NOT BE FOR MONEY/PROFIT!





I'VE HEARD HE HAD A WEIRD SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT THIS DOESN'T RATE ANY SENSE... IT'S ALMOST LIKE IT'S BEEN SET-UP FOR SOME INTRODUCED'S MEAT...

MY BENEFIT!



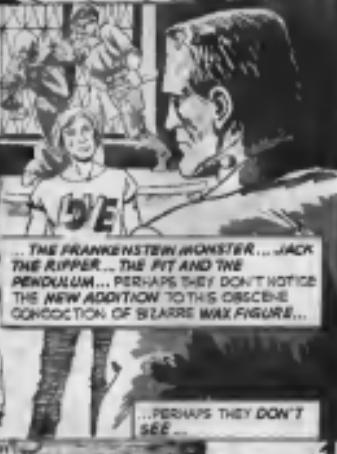


EVER SEEN A THIEF RUMP? MOST THIEVES HAVE PRACTICED ATHLETICS LONG AND HARD HOURS--IN ANTICIPATION OF THE FAMOUS MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL NEED LIMBS THAT IMMEDIATELY RESPOND TO MENTAL COMMAND--FOR THE WHITE CAT--NEVER HAVE HER REFLEXES BEEN SO THOROUGHLY PUT TO THE TEST--BUT EVEN SO... SHE EASILY OUTDISTANCES THE MUNCHIED, DEFORMED, HYDE...





...NOW THE RAIN HAS ENDED WITH THE COMING OF THE MORNING -- THE CROWDS COME TO LAUGH AND ADMIRE AND SOMETIMES RARELY TO CRITICISE THE OLD MAN'S WORK...



...THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER... JACK THE RIPPER... THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM... PERHAPS THEY DON'T NOTICE THE NEW ADDITION TO THIS OBSCENE CONCOCTION OF BIZARRE WAX FIGURES...

...PERHAPS THEY DON'T SEE...

...THE NEW SET FOR THE FAMOUS DR. Jekyll MR. Hyde ENIGMA... THERE HAS BEEN AN ADDITION HERE SOMEHOW... THE EYES GIVE IT AWAY... THE SAD, MOURNFUL, ONCE ICY-BLACK EYES OF THE VICTIM BESEECHING SOMEONE TO LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT SHE'S ALIVE... A BRIEF WITH AN INSANE PRISON...

...AND THE ENDS OF THE EVER-CHANGING Jekyll-Mr... MOMENTARILY KINDLY, THEN CRUEL, CUTTING... BUT ALWAYS SMILING... FOR BEHIND THOSE OLD SMILING EYES A MAN OF GENIUS CHUCKLES AT HIS OWN MACABRE MIRTH... HIS MAD TRAP... HIS MECHANICAL, ROBOT WAX FIGURES AND DO HIS WORKING...



...AND THE IRONY OF IT ALL... FOR THIS HIS MAX FIGURES IN THIS MUSEUM OF DEATH KNOW A KIND OF LIFE... THE GONE FIGURE IN THE OLD MAN'S CRYPT OF MIRTH WHO REALLY IS ALIVE... WILL BE FROZEN- STILL FOREVER...

DEEP WITHIN HOLLYWOOD'S FILM VAULTS  
DWELLS THE ORIGINAL PRINT OF THE  
CLASSIC HORROR FILM:

# DRACULA

PRODUCED IN 1931 THE FILM BROUGHT TO LIFE THE  
LURKING PATHOLOGICAL TERROR--BASED ON THE  
FAMOUS NOVEL BY BRAM STOKER FIRST PRINTED  
IN THE YEAR 1897!

IT INTRODUCED A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN ACTOR--**BELA LUGOSI**--  
MAKING HIM A STAR VIRTUALLY *OVERNIGHT*! LUGOSI AS THE  
EUROPEAN BLOOD FIEND WAS INCOMPARABLE--DYNAMIC--REAL--

BELLOW--BY ARTIST PABLO MARCOS, A *SCENE* FROM  
THE ORIGINAL *BELA LUGOSI DRACULA*...





SOMETIME EVEN NOW IN CERTAIN SWAMPLANDS TO  
OUR SOUTH MEN HUNTOE LIKE THIS HUNT AND KILL --  
SOME ARE 'SPORTSMEN' -- OTHERS ARE 'PROFESSIONALS'  
LIKE THESE MEN ... WHO ARE ABOUT TO BECOME TORN FROM  
WITHIN BY HISTORY'S MOST CLASSIC AMATEUR KILLER-  
SPORTSMAN...

# THE WEREWOLF WITHIN

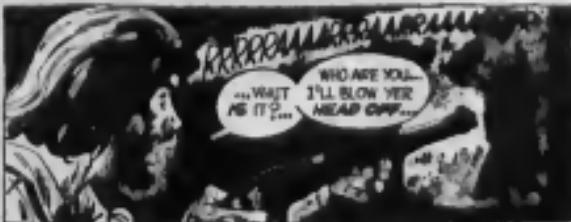
















THIS BIZARRE PALACE AFFECTS EVERYBODY EVERY WHICH WAY... BRINGING OUT THE WORST IN MAN AND BEAST... AND SINCE MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THIS GHOULISH BARREL BUCKET KNOWN AS DARKKOS MANSION... AYE... THAT IS ITS NAME...  
...YOU WILL MEET HIM AGAIN IN ANOTHER TIME WHEN WE RETURN TO THIS DECREPITO CRYPT TO SEEK A REASON FOR ITS MAD EXISTENCE... BUT REMEMBER... WHEN NEXT WE RETURN... FOR WHATEVER CAUSE... THERE IS ALREADY... A WEREWOLF WITHIN...

WANT TO TALK PANCHINE STORY ABOUT  
HORROR? WANT TO TALK ABOUT  
ACT-A-CURSE INTO A BRAIN? WANT  
THE EXPLANATION OF METAMORPHOSIS?  
IT IS PREPARED AND INTERESTED... IT  
WANTS YOU TO READ AND KNOW THE HI-  
TECHNOLOGY AND...



LOOKING WITHIN THE  
NEXT HORROR PACKAGE  
FROM **SATYRALD HOUSE**  
THESE MACABRE MEANDERINGS  
AWAIT TO TAUNT YOUR  
BRAIN AND BLOW YOUR  
MIND... THESE ARE THE  
TALES OF

**MOENCH**  
**FEDORY**  
**FUJITAKE**  
**HEWETSON**

...THE **MASTER STORY-**  
**TELLERS**... THE MEN WHO  
LIVE TO CREATE THE MAD-EMOTIONAL



**HORROR MOOD!**



...COME LIVE WITH US...  
...COME INTO OUR MINDS...  
...COME AND ENJOY BEASTS  
AND ARCHAIC ABOMINATIONS  
WROUGHT TO TEASE YOU  
AND PLEASE YOU...

**-COMING SOON-**

**-NOSFERATU-**

**-HIT AND RUN... MISS  
AND DIE-**

**-THE FUNERAL BARGE-**

...AND THE AWKWARD  
EMOTION-EVOKER IN  
THE NEXT **PSYCHO**...

**-THE  
SLITHER-SLIME  
MAN-**



PERRHAPS only SATAN knows what unknown forces pulled at me, clutched at my mind, dragged me into that black cobblestoned alley against my will... but WHATEVER... I did not enter that crypt of things unnameable of my OWN accord... something GLOTTED in a corner of that alleyway... something obscene that at once seemed to writh and convulse and torment me... something horribly lapping the black blood of a long dead rodent... something I should have IGNORED...

## THE THING IN THE ALLEY

Any of you who need to call me by a NAME will be disappointed... for I will not give it; my family has suffered enough from my own misery, and I will not have them dragged through the official mires of an investigation which would be sure to follow were I to publish my name... no, let the tale be told only because IT HAS to be...

The night was late in August... I was taking in the night air as was my custom, before retiring, to clear the dust of the day - to give my LUNGS a chance to BREATHE! It was my habit to take a certain route every night, for on the way was a small curiosity shop which every day seemed to change its window display... and on this night I studied a peculiar and antique inlay which must have given some writer much use, for it was wonderfully scaled and stained, and although the shop owner had obviously taken lengths to attempt to restore it, it was quite apparent it was BEYOND restoration, for a crack in the glass ink-holder suggested it would never again contain any manner of liquid worth reporting.

As I studied the curiosity I was suddenly bound-up by an odd shuffling, scraping sound nearby, although it was really more of a hollow, haunting, dragging sound, as of something greatly disordered betraying its own movements. I turned, and to my utter astonishment found a little black alley running directly parallel to the edge of the shop. I was utterly astonished... for it was the first occasion - even after long months of traversing this neighborhood, by this very shopfront, that I had even noticed the alleyway...

I was distressed by my find... my nerves involuntarily twitched and jerked as they rummaged about within me searching for support... and I fell to my knees, scraping them as they hit the pavement - to the horrid extent that they actually started to bleed! The writhed sound from the alley thrashed louder, I could hear the guttural moaning of the thing within... tottering gleefully in a form and manner no man would ever call his own...

And yet I was drawn, inexorably DRAWN to that unholy gateway to peer in at the thing... to see what hateful manner of thing Satan can spawn. I looked into the darkness, my eyes shot red from the tears that welled out; at first I could see only a faint movement... and then I saw something that choked my heart...

The thing had no color... it was clear... shiny almost, in its varnished groniquary. It was a number of feet tall, yet it seemed to creep about on the cobblestones rather than stand. It had two legs; emaciated and gaunt in a twisted disguise of liveness...

Then it saw ME - it turned in an appalling charade of surprise and looked at me through two things in its forehead that might be called eyes... tiny, globular balls of black that quivered within dark marred holes and shimmeread... SHIMMERED... as if they had some God-wrought RIGHT! I turned away from that some of unholy terror and RAH as fast as my still-bleeding legs might carry me...

It still haunts me in dreams - black nightmares that taunt and ridicule me; I see it in its colorless horror - hunched and twisting on its two foot legs... its two black tiny eyes piercing into mine... oh, I shudder... I pull the blankets up over my mind and wonder of its dark origin and reason of hideous macabre openings into other-worlds where perhaps the THING now gathers with friends somewhere-else and tells them of the sad, mad, thing IT saw... Hell! But it can never know the mocking memory of our meeting... aye, IRONY that I have to endure the rest of my life! For I was so injured as I fell to my knees that night that now I TOO am left with only two legs with which to crawl about... my other three leg-limbs were amputated just days after that awful night... now I feel as much a freak as that abomination - for what kind of men on God's great earth has five perfectly good arm-limbs, and only two legs?

